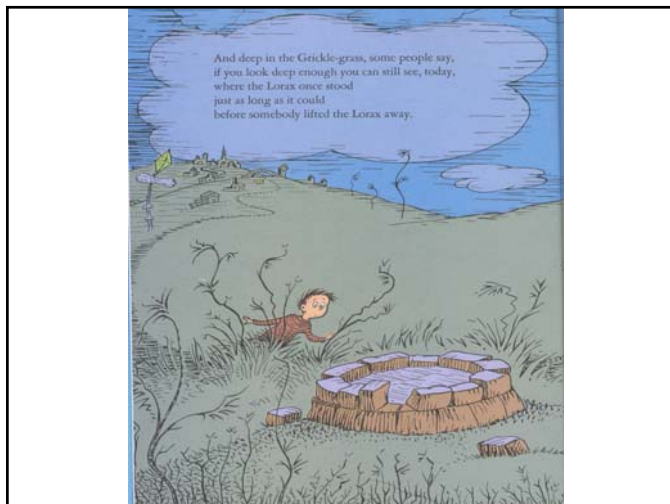
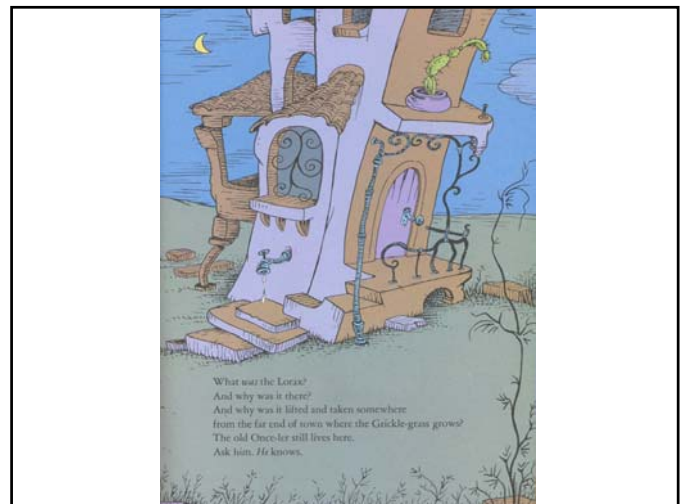


At the far end of town
where the Grickle-grass grows
and the wind smells slow-and-sour when it blows
and no birds ever sing excepting old crows...
is the Street of the Lifted Lorax.



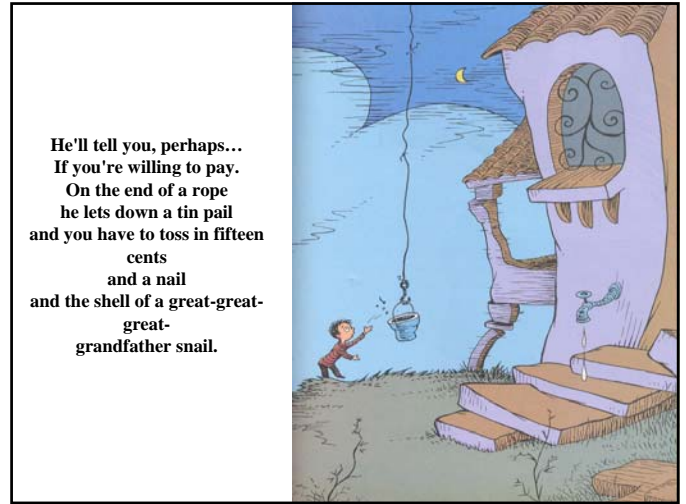
And deep in the Grickle-grass, some people say,
if you look deep enough you can still see, today,
where the Lorax once stood
just as long as it could
before somebody lifted the Lorax away.



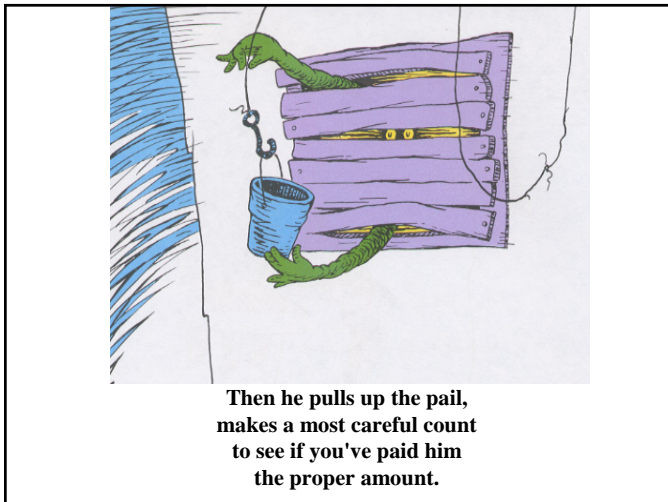
What was the Lorax?
And why was it there?
And why was it lifted and taken somewhere
from the far end of town where the Grickle-grass grows?
The old Osoe-lar still lives here.
Ask him. He knows.



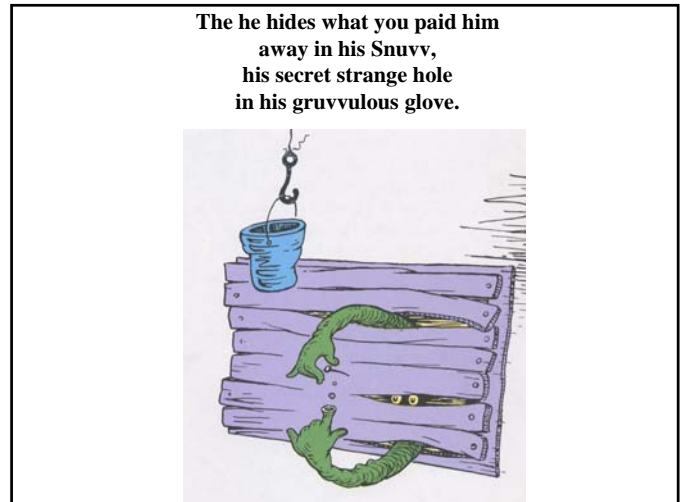
You won't see the Once-ler.
Don't knock on his door.
He stays in his Lerkim on top of
his store.
He lurks in his Lerkim, cold
under the roof,
where he makes his own clothes
out of miff-muffered moof.
And on special dank midnights in
August,
he peeks out of the shutters
and sometimes he speaks
and tells how the Lorax was lifted
away.



He'll tell you, perhaps...
If you're willing to pay.
On the end of a rope
he lets down a tin pail
and you have to toss in fifteen
cents
and a nail
and the shell of a great-great-
great-
grandfather snail.



Then he pulls up the pail,
makes a most careful count
to see if you've paid him
the proper amount.



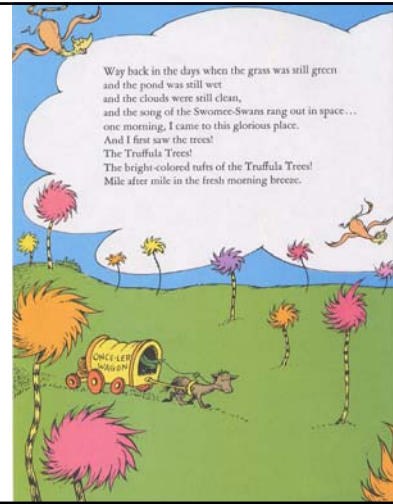
The he hides what you paid him
away in his Snuvv,
his secret strange hole
in his gruvvulous glove.



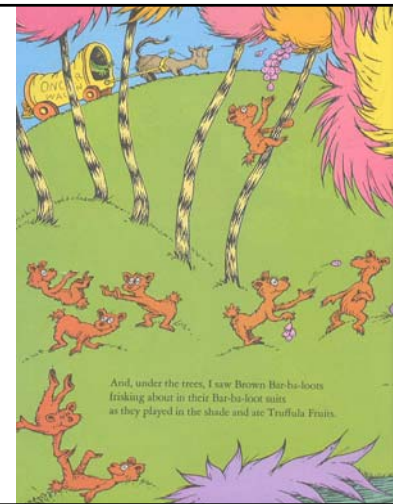
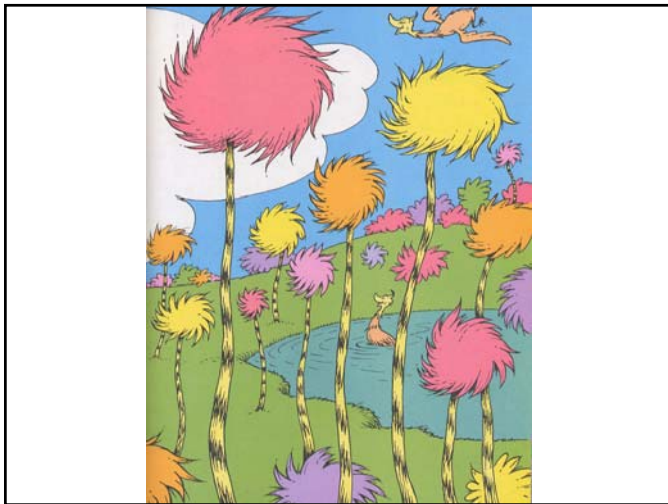
Then he grunts, "I will call you
by Whisper-ma-Phone,
for the secrets I tell are for your
ears alone."

SLUPP!
Down slupps the Whisper-ma-
Phone to your ear
and the old Once-ler's whispers
are not very clear,
since they have to come down
through a snergelly hose,
and he sounds
as if he had
smallish bees up his nose.

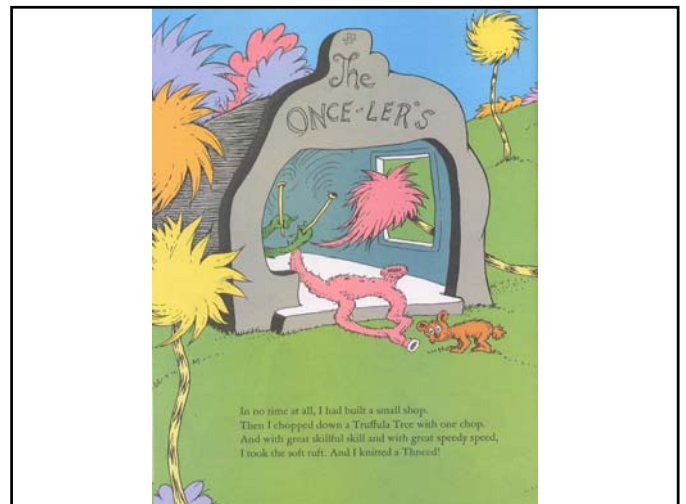
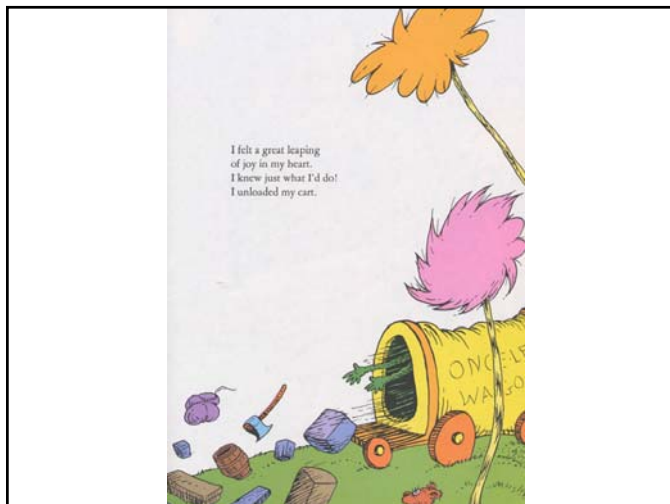
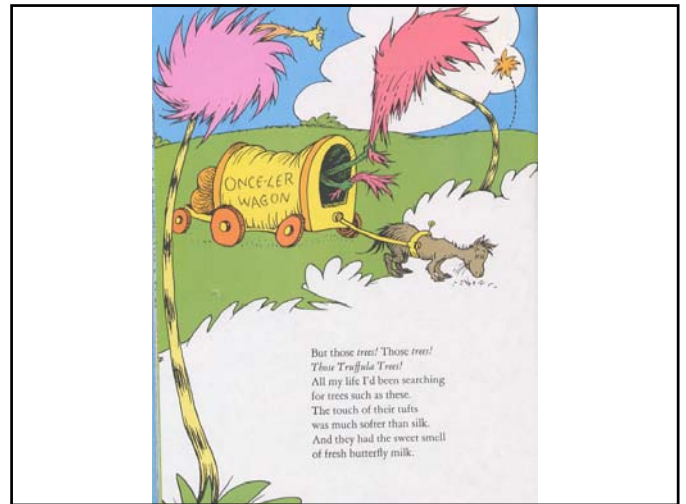
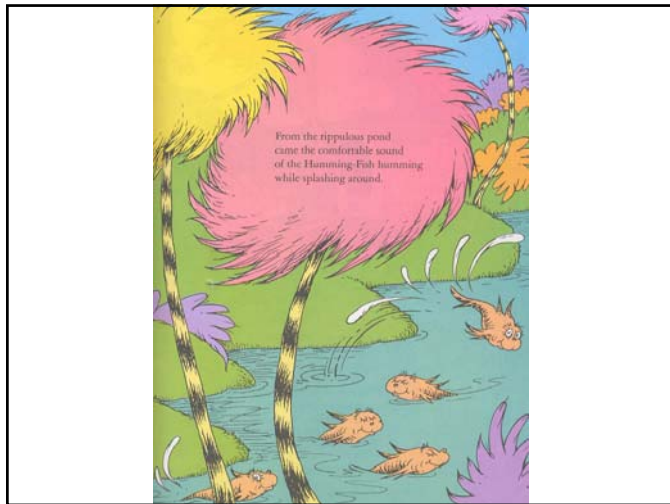
"Now I'll tell you," he says, with
his teeth sounding gray,
"how the Lorax got lifted and
taken away..."



Way back in the days when the grass was still green
and the clouds were still clean,
and the song of the Swomee-Swans rang out in space...
one morning, I came to this glorious place.
And I first saw the trees!
The Truffula Trees!
The bright-colored tufts of the Truffula Trees!
Mile after mile in the fresh morning breeze.



And, under the trees, I saw Brown Bar-ba-loons
frisking about in their Bar-ba-loot suits
as they played in the shade and ate Truffula Fruits.

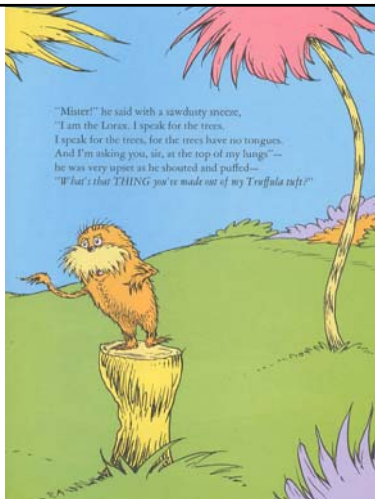




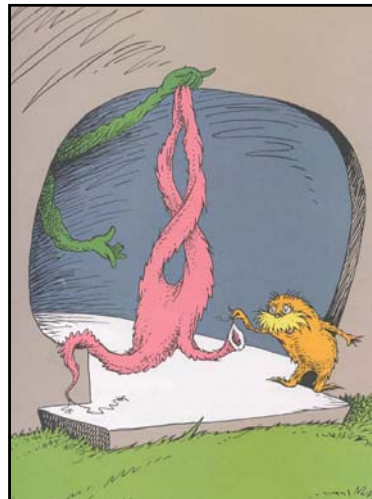
The instant I'd finished, I heard a *go-Zump!*
I looked.
I saw something pop out of the stump
of the tree I'd chopped down. It was sort of a man.
Describe him? ... That's hard. I don't know if I can.



He was shortish. And oldish.
And brownish. And mowly.
And he spoke with a voice
that was sharpish and bonny.



"Mister!" he said with a slowdusty sneeze,
"I am the Lorax. I speak for the trees.
I speak for the trees, for the trees have no tongues.
And I'm asking you, sir, at the top of my lungs"—
he was very upset as he shouted and puffed—
"What's that *THING* you're made out of my Treefula ruff!"



"Look Lorax," I said. "There's no
cause for alarm.
I chopped just one tree. I am doing
no harm.
I'm being quite useful. This thing
is a Thneed.
A Theend's a Fine-Something-
That-All-People-Need!
It's a shirt. It's a sock. It's a glove.
It's a hat.
But it has other uses. Yes, far
beyond that.
You can use it for carpets. For
pillows! For sheets!
Or curtains! Or covers for bicycle
seats!"

The Lorax said,
 "Sir! You are crazy with greed.
 There is no one on earth
 who would buy that fool Thneed.
 But the very next minute I proved
 he was wrong.
 For, just at that minute, a chap
 came along,
 and he thought that the Thneed I
 had knitted was great.
 He happily bought it for three
 ninety-eight.



I laughed at the Lorax,
 "You poor stupid guy!
 You never can tell what
 some people will buy."
 "I repeat," cried the Lorax,
 "I speak for the trees!"
 "I'm busy," I told him.
 "Shut up, if you please."

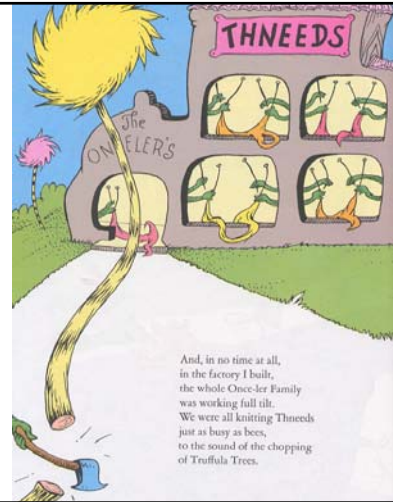


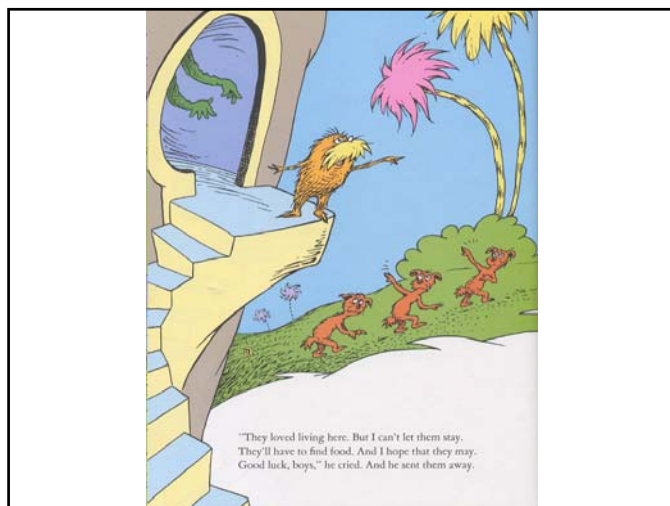
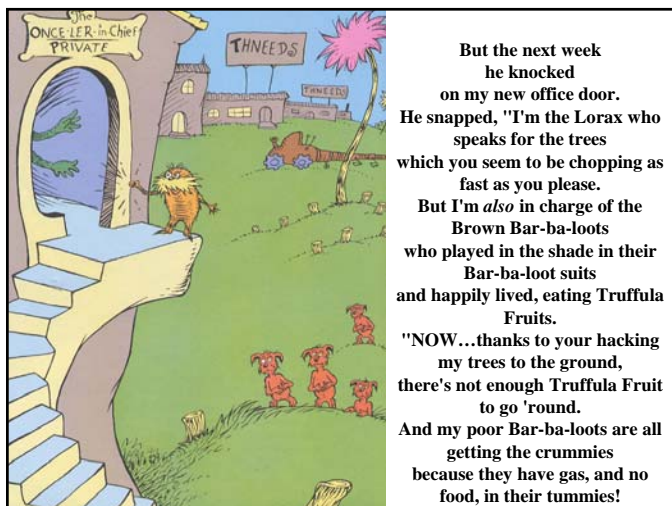
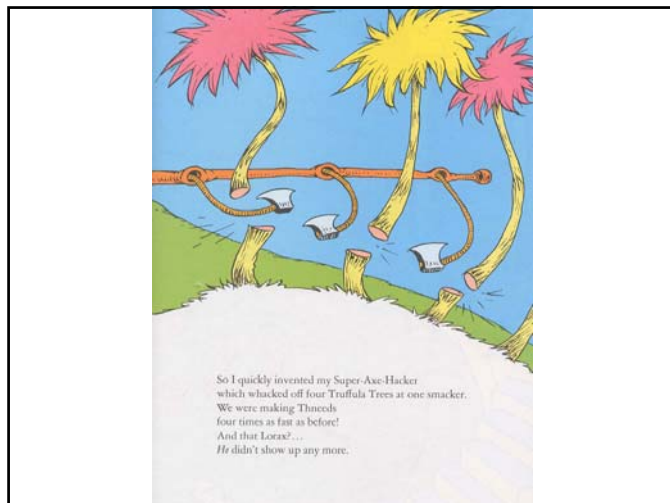
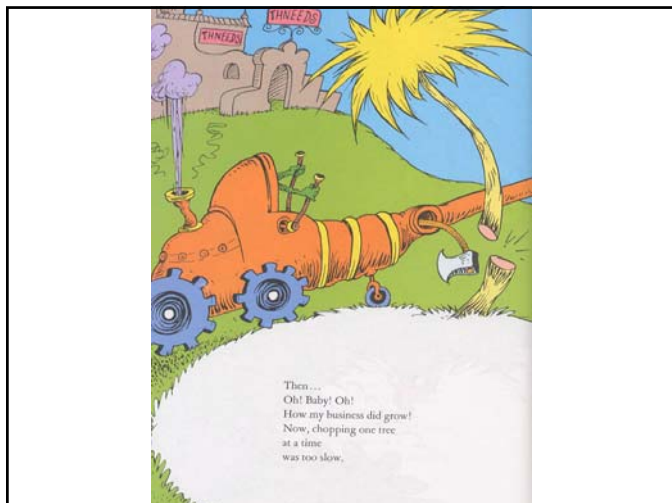
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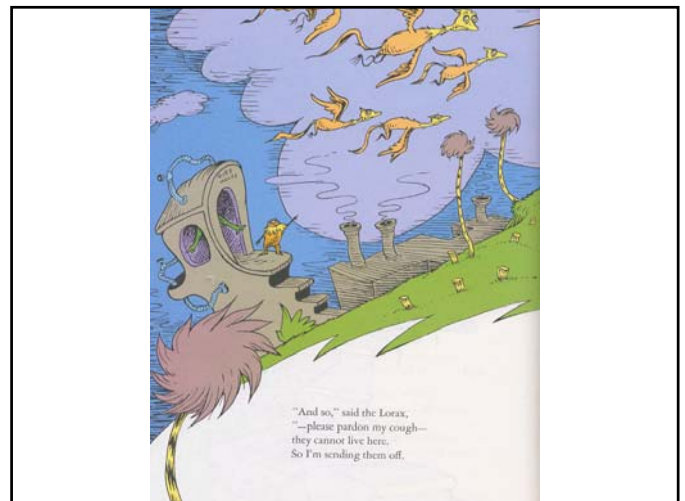
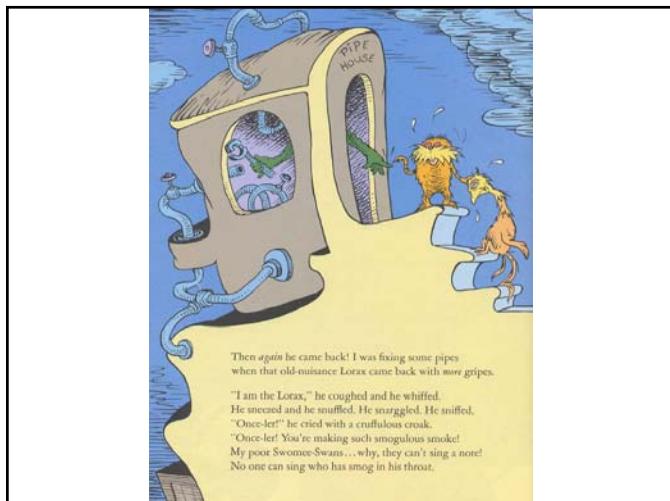
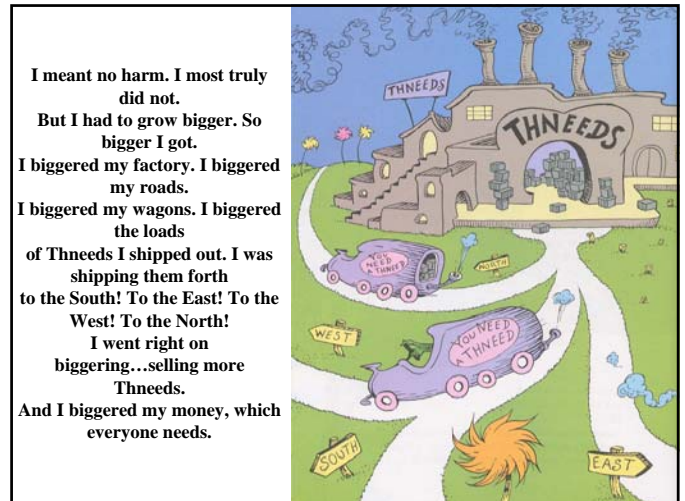
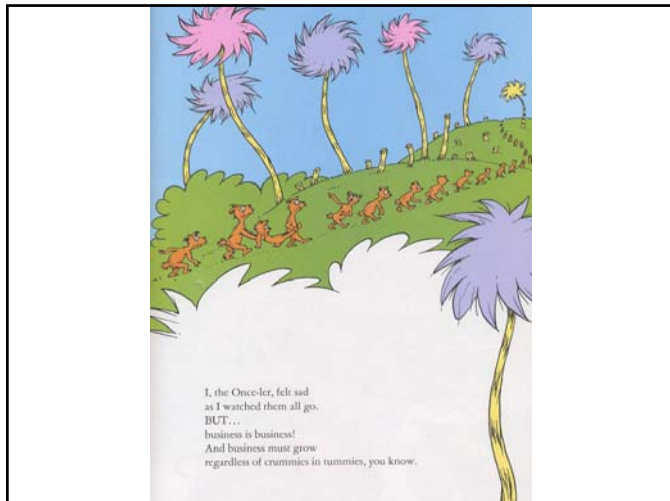
I rushed 'cross the room, and in no time at all,
 built a radio-phon. I put in a quick call.
 I called all my brothers and uncles and aunts
 and I said, "Listen here! Here's a wonderful chance
 for the whole Once-ler Family to get mighty rich!
 Get over here fast! Take the road to North Nitch.
 Turn left at Weehawken. Sharp right at South Stitch."

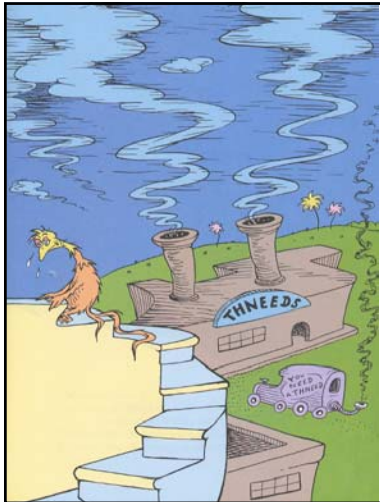


And, in no time at all,
 in the factory I built,
 the whole Once-ler Family
 was working full til.
 We were all knitting Thneeds
 just as busy as bees,
 to the sound of the chopping
 of Truffula Trees.





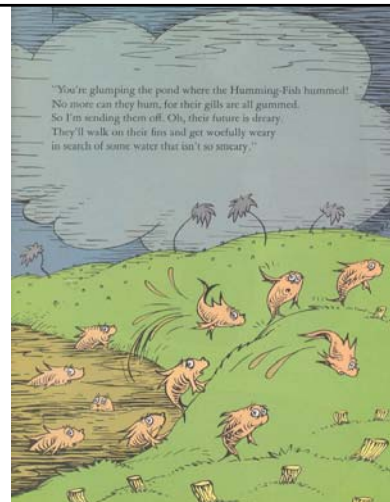




"Where will they go?...
I don't hopefully know.
They may have to fly for a
month...or a year...
To escape from the smog
you've smogged-up around
here.



"What's more," snapped the Lorax. (His dander was up.)
"Let me say a few words about Gluppity-Glupp.
Your machinery chugs on, day and night without stop
making Gluppity-Glupp. Also Schluppity-Schlopp.
And what do you do with this leftover goop?...
I'll show you. You dirty old Once-ler man, you!"

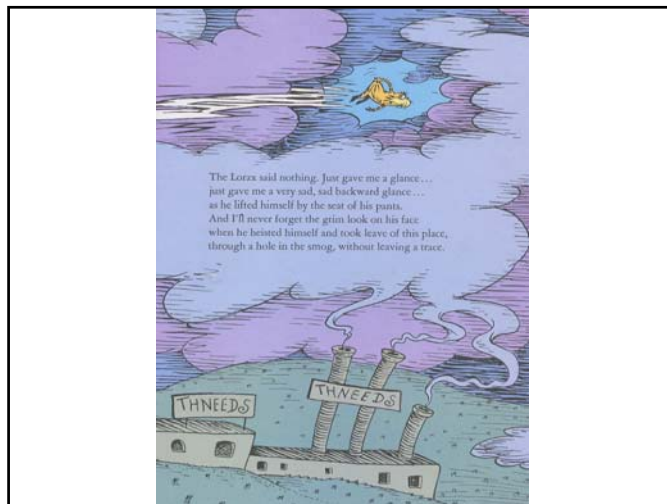
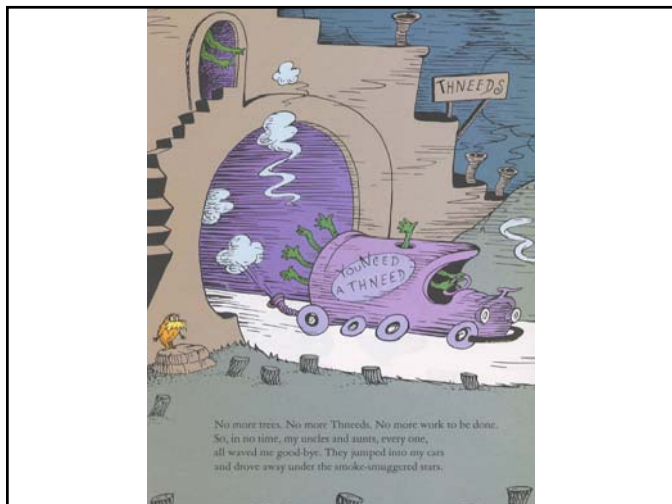


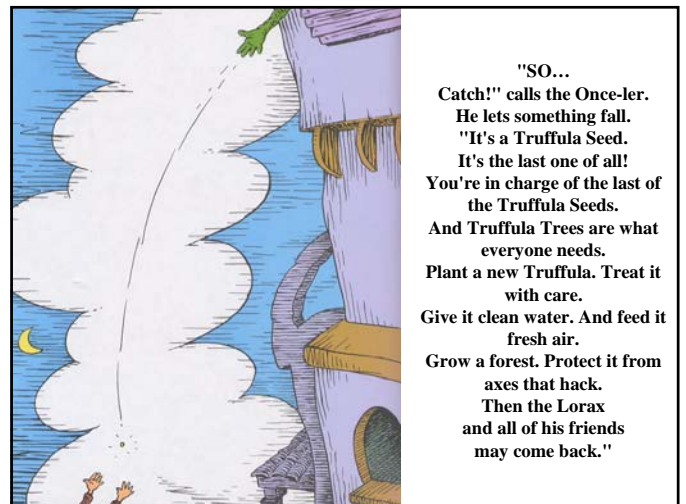
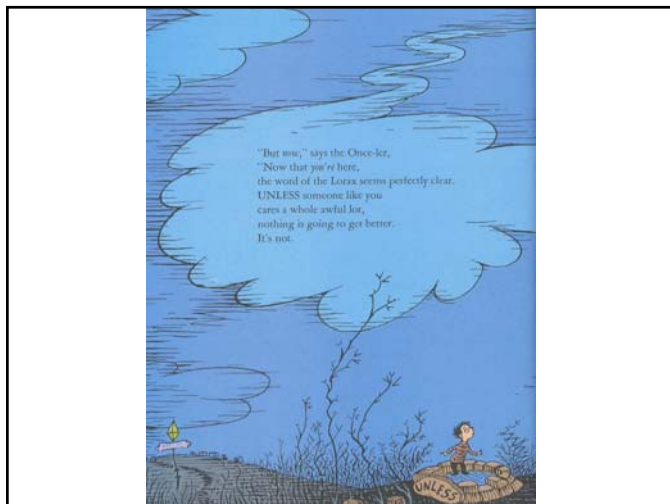
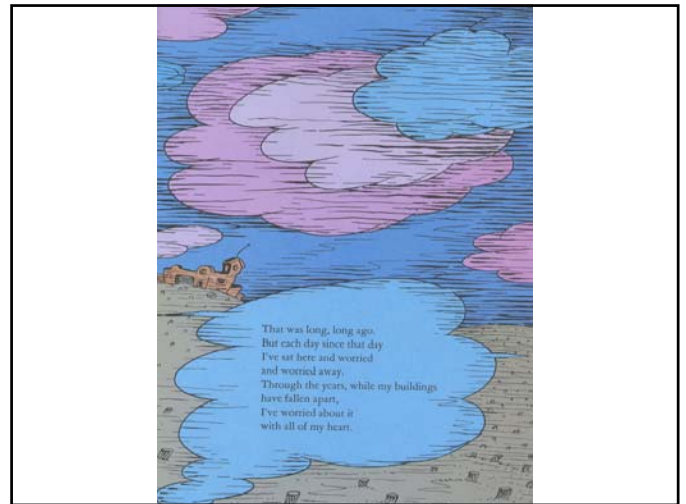
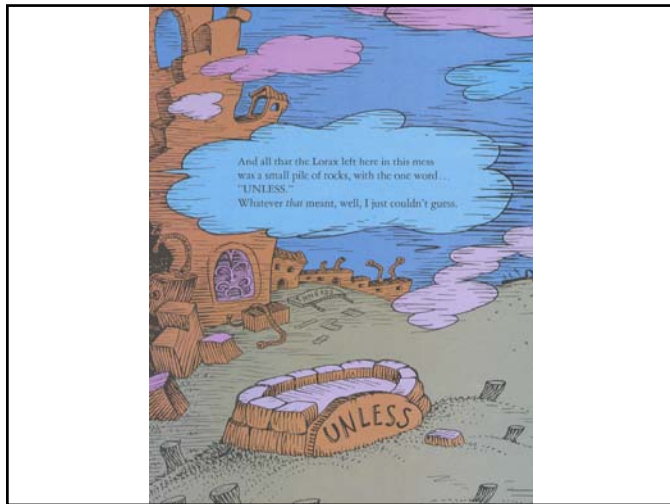
"You're glumping the pond where the Humming-Fish hummed!
No more can they hunt, for their gills are all gummed.
So I'm winding them off. Oh, their future is dreary
They'll walk on their fins and get woefully weary
in search of some water that isn't so sneary."

And then I got mad.
I got terribly mad.
I yelled at the Lorax, "Now listen
here, Dad!
All you do is yap-yap and day,
'Bad! Bad! Bad! Bad!'
Well I have my rights, sir, and
I'm telling *you*
I intend to go on doing just what
I do!
And, for your information, you
Lorax, I'm figgering
on biggering
and Biggering
and BIGGERING
and BIGGERING,
turning MORE Truffula Trees
into Thneeds
which everyone, EVERYONE,
EVERYONE needs!"



And at that very moment,
we heard a loud whack!
From outside in the fields
came a sickening smack
of an axe on a tree. Then we
heard the tree fall.
*The very last Truffula Tree of
them all!*





THE END

Hopefully Not!!

Answer the Following Questions

1. The Once-ler describes a "glorious place." Identify and briefly describe several living components of the "glorious place."
2. What was the Lorax? What is his role?
3. Why is the thneed a marketable and profitable product?
4. Identify and briefly describe three pieces of technology developed by the Once-ler to upgrade his thneed industry.
5. Most environmental problems result from a "domino effect" begun by a single action or activity. Select three of the following environmental issues below observed in the "glorious place" and relate them to the development of the thneed.
 - a. energy consumption
 - b. pollution
 - c. waste disposal/management
 - d. deforestation
 - e. human population explosion
 - f. endangered/threatened species
6. What is an unless?
7. Extra Credit: When the humming fish are taken away everything in the verse rhymes with Eerie. Why would fictional fish in a fictional setting refer to (through rhyme) a real place? Hint: Something environmentally significant happened involving Lake Eerie.